

# THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

## WHAT HUMOROUS MEN OF THE COUNTRY HAVE TO SAY.

It was in Paris—A Mistake—In the Way—Usefulness Ended—Advice to a Young Woman—Was Not Embarrassed, Etc., Etc.

### A LANDLADY'S MISTAKE.

Dumley (who has been asked to carve the duck, and is meeting with poor success)—"Whew!" Landlady—"Isn't the knife sharp, Mr. Dumley? I had it ground to-day." Dumley—"The knife is all right, Mrs. Hendricks; you ought to have had the duck ground."



SPICY ISLES.

Not expecting him that evening she had eaten heartily of onions, of which she was particularly fond. "How soft and sweet, and at the same time invigorating, the air is to-night, Mr. Sampson," she said, as they strolled out on the porch. "It reminds me so much of Old Point Comfort in the early spring." "Yes, Miss Clara," responded young Sampson, tenderly, "or of Bermuda, you know."—Epoch.

### A SUB-ROSA SUGGESTION.

Hedges has dined well, and has offered his waiter \$ dollar. Waiter (in a voice that reaches the desk): No, sah; we ain't lowed fer ter tek no fees, sah. (In a voice which does not reach the desk): Drap him on the flo', boss.—Tid Bits.

### HARD ON THE POET.

Mr. Filbert (preparing to bow himself off)—Is there anything more I can do for you, Mrs. McKenzie? Mrs. McKenzie—I can't think of anything just at present, Mr. Filbert; but of course you young poets never eat anything, so you might stand just there and recite to me one of your beautiful love poems while I eat this. (Hard on Filbert, who economized by going without his dinner.)—Harper's Bazar.

### FANCIES IN SPRING.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." O, it does, eh? In the spring a young man's fancy doesn't do anything of the sort. It turns to thoughts of how he's going to get in about 5,000 hours of \$400-a-week fun into fourteen days of \$10 summer vacation.—Puck.

### IN PARIS.

French Girl—Papa, a man who looks like an American is observing those gloves in the window. What shall I ask for them? Shopkeeper—Twenty dollars. Man (entering)—How much? Girl—Twenty dollars. Man—Sar-r-r-r! Shopkeeper—Forty cents, M's'seer.—Omaha World.

### NOT EMBARRASSED.

"Doesn't it embarrass you to be kissed by your husband before a car full of people?" "Embarrass me?" replied the lady, who was starting off on a journey, as she settled herself comfortably in her seat and looked at the questioner. "Did John kiss me when he said good-by? I declare I didn't notice it. Is my hat on straight, Laura?"—Chicago Tribune.

### KNEW HER PLACE.

"Why, these are not the shoes I ordered," exclaimed the lady of the house, with extreme vexation; "this is a pair of \$10 French kids. I can't afford such shoes as these." "Beg pardon, madam," said the messenger, respectfully; "but you've opened the wrong package. This \$5 pair is yours. The other was ordered by the hired girl."—Chicago Tribune.

### THE SCREW DRIVER.

Papa had bought the Cyclone a chest of tools and had initiated him into the mysteries of screw driving. Shortly afterwards he saw the little fellow banging a screw into a box as hard as he could with a hammer. "What did I tell you? That isn't the way to put in a screw. What is that slot in the head for?" The Cyclone looked guilty for a moment, then brightened up and replied: "To take it out with."—Philadelphia Call.

### LACE.

At the close of a recent performance at the opera house and while the crowd were retiring a lady's garment was caught in a seat. A gallant Irishman rushed to the rescue and asked the trouble. "My lace is caught," she said. "Hould on a bit, lady," said he, "and I'll release ye."—Bangor Commercial.

## COMES NATURAL TO HIM.

She (at the theatre)—What a long, stazy stride Mr. Ham, the tragedian, has. He—Yes; I understand he has acquired that gait by traveling on every other tie.—Tidbits.

### A BLOCKED GAME.

Two men meet on a country road. First Man—Do you live in this neighborhood? Second Man—Yes, sir. "Do you own any buildings?" "Yes, sir." "Couldn't I sell you some lightning-rods?" "Perhaps you could, under one condition." "What's that?" "That you will subscribe for 'Lives of the American Presidents' which I am selling." "Good day. I think I made a mistake."—Nebraska Journal.

### CORRECT.

Jobson—We've had a hard winter. Jepson—A very hard winter. Jobson—Did your pipes ever freeze? Jepson—No, our pipes never froze, but the water in 'em froze several times.—Epoch.

### WILLING TO GO.

"Clara," said the old man from the head of the stairs, "isn't that young man gone yet?" "No, sir," came back the reply, and it wasn't in Clara's voice either, "but he is going at once, sir."

### LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE.

"Then you will not be my wife," he said, bitterly, as he released her hand. "I cannot," she sobbed; "I am pledged to another." "And this is the end," he groaned; the bitter, bitter end, and hope, like a blighted flower, must fade and die. "No, no!" she exclaimed through her tears. "Don't say that. Wait, Charles; be faithful. You know I may be a widow in a few years."—Washington Critic.

### CLOSE FIGURING REQUIRED.

First Florida Tourist—How much money have you on hand? Second Florida Tourist—Fifteen hundred dollars. First Florida Tourist—And I've got fourteen hundred. Just enough, old boy, to pay our passage home, after stopping for a day or two at this high-toned Florida hotel.—Texas Siftings.

### MUCH UNSTRUNG.

Physician (to patient)—You are suffering from nervous prostration, sir. Have you been drinking heavily of late? Patient—No, sir. Physician—Business matters trouble you to-day? Patient—No, sir; I wasn't at the office at all. I've been having my baby's photograph taken.

### WALLS HAVE EARS.

Tenth floor occupant (of Harlem flat)—Well, my dear, that simpering little Miss Smith who lives on the first floor is engaged at last. Husband—How do you know? Tenth floor—I heard a young man proposing to her last night.—N. Y. Sun.

### USEFULNESS ENDED.

"Hi, there, sir," shouted a Florida landlord to a departing guest who was rushing for the train, "you've dropped your pocketbook." "All right," shouted back the guest, without stopping "I've no further use for it."

### HE WAS VERY YOUNG.

Mrs. Newtie—I wish you would light your cigarette on the sidewalk instead of in the hall, Tom. Mr. Newtie—Do you dislike the odor? M's. Newtie—Oh, no, my dear, but I want people to see that you have learned to smoke.—Tid Bits.

### SOBERLY TEMPTED.

"Have you spoken to my daughter, sir, upon the subject of marriage?" "Not a word, sir," responded the young man. "I thought it would be more noble on my part to see you first. But I was strongly tempted to, sir, last evening, when she kissed me good night."

### LED THE WAY.

Dumley (proudly)—Yes, I participated in one great battle of the rebellion, and, if I do say it myself, I was one of the men who led the way. Featherly (admiringly)—What battle was it, Dumley, Bull Run?



### NOT BY BREAD ALONE.

"We do not live by bread alone," said a minister to a young man he was trying to win from the error of his ways. "Is that so," was the irreverent reply. Well, I wish you would convince my boarding-house lady of it.—Washington Critic.

## THE USES OF FORESTS.

### Why Trees are Valuable Apart from the Question of Timber Supply.

[From the Scientific News.]

Some time back the world was of opinion that trees were of value merely as supplies of timber, and that where building materials could be easily imported a country might, without any disadvantage, be laid entirely bare. To be sure, a few far-seeing individuals, such as Bernard Palissy, were aware of the influence of woodlands as regulators of climate. Similar views were taken in antiquity by Critias, who spoke vaguely of the "sickness of the country in consequence of the deforestation," and in 1540 by Fernando Colon, who declared that the rains in Maderia, the Azores, and the Canaries had become rarer since the trees had been cut down. But, in spite of these warnings, the process of "clearing" was carried on in most countries with reckless haste.

This havoc was not arrested until its consequences were pointed out by Humboldt, Bousingault, and Becquerel, and by a still more authoritative teacher, experience, who on this occasion seems to have charged unusually high school fees. One of the most important effects of woods upon a climate is that they promote rain. The theory of this process is not perfectly understood, but the facts themselves are matters of experience. There are districts on the Continent where the chief rivers have decreased notably in volume since the clearing of the districts about their sources. We have seen a small stream, a tributary of the Oder, which, within the memory of living persons, turned in its course two or three corn mills. At the time of our visit it was dry all the summer months, save immediately after a thunder storm. In many districts of southern France the destruction of the forests has caused much more striking mischief.

The rain, instead of falling as heretofore in moderate showers, now comes in violent gushes, with long periods of drought between. As a natural consequence the grasses and other low growing plants perish, their roots wither away, and the soil no longer held together by their fibres is washed away by the occasional violent rains and carried down into the beds of the rivers. The hillsides and the higher planes remain as barren wastes of sand and gravel. A similar process has been going on in Spain, Italy, Greece, Algeria, Morocco, and, in short, all around the Mediterranean sea. Countries which were once the granaries of the world, and which supported a numerous and thriving population, are now little better than deserts. Nor is this mischief confined to Europe. The vegetable wealth of South Africa, when it first became known to Europeans, was remarkable.

The Cape was the source of numbers of our finest greenhouse plants. But now vast tracts have been rendered so desolate that a troop of Colonial cavalry on the march actually gave three cheers at the sight of a tree. Even in the United States, once regarded as eminently the land of forests, many regions have lost, first their vegetation and then their soil, in consequence of tree felling. It may, perhaps, here be objected that, fully admitting all these unfavorable changes, they may possibly have been produced by unknown causes, and would have occurred all the same if the woodlands had not been interfered with. This plea can easily be refuted. In many of the countries above mentioned replanting has been undertaken on a large scale by individuals, by communities, and by Governments, with the most satisfactory results.

Wherever such attempts have been made the climate becomes less extreme, the rainfall more uniformly distributed, and public health is improved. Such beneficial changes have been distinctly recognized in Northwestern India, where fertility is gradually returning to the deserts. In France, within about twenty years, 25,000 acres of mountain lands, and nearly the same extent of sandy coast lands have been replanted—of course at great expense, but with the most satisfactory results. In America, also, replanting is being vigorously carried on. An eminent agricultural authority in the United States has given it as his opinion that if one-fourth of a country is left covered with trees, the remaining three-fourths will yield a better return in the shape of crops than it would if stripped bare.

### A Pickpocket's Handy Tool.

The Kansas City Times says: Among the curiosities which Chief Speers keeps in his desk at the central police station is a little pasteboard box filled with pieces of greenbacks. They were once parts of five, ten, twenty, fifty and one hundred dollar bills. At the time they were mutilated they were part of a roll of \$5,000 in the pistol pocket of a wealthy stockman. He was on a train coming into Kansas City, and when he got off at the Union depot the pieces in the little box at the central station were all that was left of the \$5,000. A pickpocket had cut his pocket and in doing it had cut some of the bills, but he got all the rest. When Chief Speers shows the scraps of greenbacks, he also shows a sample of the instrument used by the pickpocket who secured the \$5,000, minus the bills which had been mutilated. It is a curious little round steel affair, about six inches in length. The knife end of it is turned at right angles to the handle and is only about one-half an inch long. It is hammered as thin as paper and sharpened until it cuts cloth as noiselessly as it would butter. When a pickpocket locates "a roll" he watches his opportunity and cuts the pocket. With an expert it is the work of a moment. The instruments, the police say, are made exclusively for the profession, and are of the very best quality of steel.

## April Fool in the Incubator.

A Lewiston, Maine, man, who combines farming with watch making, is now practising with an incubator, and has a big lot of fancy stock now in process of incubation. He prides himself on his incubator. He believes it to be one of the surest and speediest on the continent. He has lots of new fangled notions about its make-up, and last Sunday morning, when he arose and looked from his chamber window, he said to himself, "In one more week that incubator will be just alive with chickens." Along about 11 o'clock he went out to the chicken house and looked at the incubator. What was that! Merciful dispensation of the creation of all things! Dash his eyes if there, over in the corner, big as life, was not a yellow, fluffy ball, with a bit of egg on his back, and stepping gaily out of his shell. He couldn't believe it.

Talk about incubators! Talk about beating all creation! Here it was done for a full week quicker than the best on record—a regular Maud S. incubator, warranted to out-incubate all others, as the queen of the turf out-trots all others. He did not linger long. He called his wife and his daughter and the other children. "Hi there! Come out here!" shouted he. They came out obediently and stood around. He pointed at the miracle. They marvelled obediently at it until one of the girls suggested that possibly the chicken ought to be able to walk. He opened the incubator and prodded it with a stick. It fell over and its legs stuck up in the air, and then the merriest laugh he ever heard broke the silence, and he knew it was April Fool's day. The chicken was a good imitation, made of yellow down.

### Popular Education.

We sympathize with the feeling which often leads citizens to boast that no child born in this country need grow up in ignorance, and yet it is a fact that many people who have learned to read and write have never taught themselves to think. A man who suffered from catarrh, consumption, bronchitis, scrofula, or "liver complaint," might read, till his eyes dropped out, how these and many other diseases have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, but if he did not take the lesson to himself and test the virtues of this great medicine, his time would be thrown away.

M. de Bec says that the nose is losing its function among civilized people. When the sense of smell vanishes, the nose will have to go, too.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures when every other so-called remedy fails.

Algiers is about to begin the exportation of claret.

### A Great Surprise.

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits and that any druggist is authorized by the proprietor of this wonderful remedy to give you a sample bottle free? It never fails to cure acute or chronic coughs. All druggists sell Kemp's Balsam. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.

# That Tired Feeling

Experienced by almost every one at this season, and many people resort to Hood's Sarsaparilla to drive away the languor and exhaustion. The blood, laden with impurities which have been accumulating for months, moves sluggishly through the veins, the mind fails to think quickly, and the body is still slower to respond. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what is needed. It purifies, vitalizes, and enriches the blood, makes the head clear, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling, tones the nervous system, and imparts new strength and vigor to the whole body.

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## He Caught It.

An ardent sportsman of Bangor was cutting through the ice on the pond preparatory to a day's sport, using a chisel with a handle like a shovel, which by accident slipped from his grasp and disappeared in about six fathoms of water. He mourned his loss for it meant harder work to-morrow to get through the ice without it. Nothing daunted he prepared his line and placed on the hook a plump, live shiner and returned to camp to relate his misfortune. Trying his line shortly after, his first impression was that he had hooked a Chinaman, so hard did it pull, but when he had landed his catch imagine his surprise to find that he not only had a fine three-pound trout but also the lost chisel. The blade had stuck upright in the mud, the shiner had swam through the hole in the handle, the trout seized him and would himself up around the handle, making the capture possible, providing the line held as it did.—Bangor Commercial.

Isaiah Walton, a farmer living near Byron, Ga., says he has five married daughters whose aggregate weight is over 1,000 pounds.

"Ah me!" sighed Potts, "I'm tired of living. The world is hollow, ambitious 's vain." "Come now!" said his chum, "I know the symptoms: It's all your liver—that's very plain. You need not suffer, for help is at hand; Pierce's Pe. lets you get it to the place. A friend to the bilious, I well might call them—There's nothing better; they suit your case." Potts ceased his sighing and bought the "Pe. lets."

No more he mourneth his hapless lot! His face is cheerful, his heart is lightsome, His melancholy is quite forgot!

The London medical students have arranged to assemble at Charing Cross to receive Sir Morell Mackenzie when he returns to London.

In every community there are a number of men whose whole time is not occupied, such as teachers, ministers, farmers' sons, and others. To these classes especially we would say, if you wish to make several hundred dollars during the next few months, write at once to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and they will show you how to do it.

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### "Consumption Can be Cured."

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